SABBATH SCHOOL VISITOR

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LITTLE GRETA'S ARTIST.

TWO HUNDRED and more years ago there was, not far from Leyden, but nearer still to Leydendorp, a little hamlet of eight or ten cottages, each one more beautifully, shiningly clean and well kept than the others.

In one of them, on a certain bright morning, sat Madam Terese Herman, preparing with her own dainty hands the dinner for her husband and herself and the only child of the house, Greta, a little maid of seven years.

"Is it not time for me to take the bread and wine to Mother Van der Hyden?" asked Greta presently, for her small chubby fingers were tired holding the knife with which she was helping her mother prepare the fruit and vegetables.

The mother smiled; well she knew the little maid preferred tripping through the hamlet, meeting perhaps a neighbor's child for company, to helping with the household duties, however light. But she unfastened Greta's brown linen apron, tied on her small red cap, and put the basket containing dainties for the sick woman on her arm.

"Now, my Gretchen," she said, taking her hand, "go not into any house but that of old Mother Van der Hyden. Thou knowest I would not have thee to run from neighbor to neighbor like a beggar-maid."

This seemed a very reasonable charge, yet Greta looked troubled and disappointed, and stood irresolute after the mother had given her a parting kiss.

"May I not cross old Gerretz's doorstep, my mother?" she asked presently. "Oh, just for a brief visit; I will be back in time to fill my father's mug and carry his platter."

"Why art thou so fond of going to that house, my child? True, poor Madam Gerretz carefully trained those young people during her lifetime, but she is no more, and old Jacques Gerretz is drinking more than ever. I fear it is no longer a fit place for thee to go."

Yet the fond mother yielded to her child's entreaty, and Greta went off with bounding steps. She came back in time, as she had promised, but there was a restless look about her, as if she constantly expected some one. This look was explained when, about dusk, the lad Paul Gerretz, accompanied by his sister Louise, came to Madam Herman's door.

The boy brought as a present for Madam Teresa a portrait of little Gretchen, taken on the sly when he could coax the child into their house. It was her very chubby little self. She was really a beautiful child, and the young artist had given the delicately cut features a most natural expression.

Madam Herman was charmed. "Paul," she cried, "thou must be a painter."

"Alas!" answered the boy gloomily, "what chance have I to become a painter? I long to go to Leyden and learn under Master Jacques van Swanenburg, but my father will not hear of it. Not that I would listen to my father," continued the boy passionately, clenching his fist, "for I *will* be a painter, let him say what he will. But he threatens me that if I run away he will punish my sister every day till I return. My good Louise, who has been a mother to us all—how could I endure the thought of her receiving my blows?"

"And I tell him," said the loving sister, "that while I would willingly bear the blows, yet it would not be right for him to disobey his parent, and we must wait and hope for a better day."

Madam Herman felt the deepest interest in the young genius and his loving Louise, and set her woman's wits to work to help him. "Paul Gerretz," she said to him one day, "dost thou remember thy sainted mother's face?"

"Ah, lady," he cried, "how could I forget a face so dear?"

"I want you to paint me a portrait of her as you remember her," said Paul's friend; and in a few days' time she supplied him with materials from Leyden, so that his picture might be as good as he could make it.

Paul now spent all his spare moments in the little loft over the mill, which was his studio, and Louise did many a task for him in order to give him time to paint; but it was some months before the boy could take it to his friend finished.

Madam Terese was more than satisfied—she was wonderstruck. "Take it home, my children," she cried, "and place it where your father will see it as soon as he enters the house, but say nothing about it."

By a happy and most unusual chance Jacques Gerretz came home sober that evening, and when his eyes fell upon Paul's painting he was completely overwhelmed. He burst into a flood of tears while gazing on the tender, reproachful eyes, the care-worn brow and sad mouth of the wife he had once devotedly loved. From that moment his consent was gained to Paul's career as an artist; and thus, not by unfilial conduct, not by deserting his loving sister, but by the patient exhibition of his genius, little Paul became the famous painter called by his comrades and known to all the world as Rembrandt.

ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

TELL THE TRUTH.

DON'T be afraid, little Johnnie my boy;
  Open the door and go in:
The longer you shrink from confessing a fault,
  The harder it is to begin.

No wonder you wait with a pitiful face
  And dread the confession to make,
For you know when you're naughty the worst of it all
  Is in making your mother's heart ache.

But courage, my boy! Never mind if the shoes
  Are muddy and wet, and all that;
Never mind if your clothes have been terribly torn,
  And you've ruined your pretty new hat,—

Go in like a man, and tell mother the truth
  Like a brave little lad, and you'll see
How happy a boy, who confesses a fault
  And is truthful and honest, can be.

MARY D. BRINE, *in the Nursery.*

JANIE'S PURSE.

"AUNT KATE is a darling!" cried Janie radiantly. "See what she has given me for my birthday!" and she waved a dainty purse in Fannie's face. "Look! it is the very latest style—square, white-and-gold outside, and some gold *inside* too. Aunt Kate always knows what I like. Somehow, my allowance never goes half far enough, and it's so nice to have an extra amount occasionally!"

"I wish *I* had an Aunt Kate," sighed Fannie regretfully. "Aunt Jane never gave me anything but the measles and loads of advice. The measles was the only thing I took, and I could not help *that*. How much is there in the purse, Janie?"

"Two five-dollar gold-pieces, and— Why, I did not notice *this* before; here is a small card."

"Perhaps it is a tract," suggested Fannie despondently.

"No; it is in Aunt Kate's handwriting: 'I am a debtor.' Well, I declare!" concluded Janie somewhat uncomfortably; "I wonder what she means?"

"She does not mean anything," flippantly replied Fannie; "Aunt Jane never does—only to be disagreeable."

"You don't know Aunt Kate, Fannie; *she* always has a reason for such things, and a *good one* too. I should not wonder—" Here Janie paused.

"Well," cried Fannie the impatient, "you should not wonder—*what?*"

"You know, when Mrs. Grey asked the girls to join the missionary society, I told her I did not have enough money to pay my debts. I believe Aunt Kate heard me."

"Janie Lowe," exclaimed Fannie solemnly, "isn't it more honorable to pay your debts than to give to missions? I think that is what your aunt means."

"Well, I don't owe much now—only forty cents to Bessie Hatch for soda-water, and fifty cents to you, Fannie, for the candy you paid for at Huyler's."

"Oh, never mind that—though I *am* awfully poor just now," confessed Fannie honestly. "This warm weather is so expensive; I spend so much for ice-cream."

"I would rather give it to you now," said Janie; "it makes me uncomfortable to owe any one anything."

Just then the words caught her eye: "I am a debtor." She snapped the purse impatiently. "I shall ask Aunt Kate this very day," she said decidedly.

A few moments later a pretty whirlwind entered Mrs. Lacy's parlor. "Aunt Kate," it cried, "what *do* you mean by that card, 'I am a debtor'? Have I forgotten to pay some one what I owe them?"

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Kate softly, "you have."

"Why, auntie, you must be mistaken. I paid Fannie fifty cents a few minutes ago, and I am sure Bessie Hatch knows I will pay her that forty cents I owe her. Did she tell you about it?"

"No, Janie, you owe more than forty cents, and you do not owe it to Bessie Hatch."

"Aunt Kate, what do you mean?"

"Those words, dear, on your little card are Paul's. He says in Romans 1: 14: 'I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and unwise;' then he tells us what he owes them—which is 'the gospel of Christ.' The other day I heard you tell Mrs. Grey, when she asked you to join the missionary society, that you had no money for dues—you must pay your debts first. So, Janie, I want you to do as you said—pay your debts."

"Auntie, I don't *quite* understand."

"Well, dear, you, like Paul, are a debtor, and you owe four classes of people, and you cannot in honor pay one and not the other. The Greeks were cultivated, refined; they represent your friends, your church, your social equals: you owe them the brightness and sweetness of the gospel of Christ. But there is a link here: 'both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians.' Janie, do you know in your case I think that class of street-boys Mr. Snow wants you to take answer that description. They are rough, sullen, *barbarous*, but you owe them the gospel—the good news of One 'mighty to save.'

"Then, dear, you say you do not believe in foreign missions: 'both to the wise and unwise.' You are far enough along in history to know that the so-called heathen nations are the sources of earthly wisdom; and the unwise—surely every one is not wise unto salvation who has not heard the name of Jesus.

"Why should you pay your debt? For Jesus' sake. Just let that little card preach to you, Janie, when you open your purse to gratify the girlish fancies of Janie Lowe."

A few weeks later Janie took her aunt Kate into her dainty room, and, pointing to a card in her mirror, said shyly, "Read it, please;" and Aunt Kate read: "For Jesus Christ's sake,

'I will do all the good I can,
In all the places I can,
To all the people I can,
As long as ever I can,'

"For I am a debtor.

(Signed) "JANIE LOWE."

A. T. B.

KING OF THE BEGGARS.

A RARE old volume, to be found in a few English libraries, contains the history of the once famous Bampfylde Moore Carew, known in England during the reign of George I. as "the king of the beggars."

Carew belonged to one of the oldest and most honorable families in England. His father was a clergyman and his grandfather was an earl. He passed through Eton with distinction, and entered Oxford. In his twentieth year he left college and joined a gang of gypsies, with whom he remained until his death, forty years later. The entreaties of his family and the ridicule of his friends had no effect upon him. At his father's death he inherited a large estate, which he refused to claim, continuing to live in tents, wandering through Europe, often in dire want and squalor.

He supported himself by beggary, in which profession he showed such remarkable ability as to be everywhere known as "king of the mendicants." His disguises and imitations of suffering were endless.

Carew, it is said, was a man of great ability and of winning manners; hence when he came in contact with men of his own class they acknowledged him as still their equal. His cousin, Lord Seton, once laid a wager with him that he could not deceive him as a beggar. Carew approached him an hour later as a decrepit old soldier, and received a pound, and the next day, as a widow with a babe in her arms, induced him to give him three guineas.

He undertook a voyage to this country "to see what could be made out of the Quakers," and made a begging tour among the Puritans of New England, the Dutch in New York and the cavaliers in Virginia. He traveled thousands of miles on foot, actually begging from the savages as he went. He returned triumphing in his petty gains, strings of wampum and furs. All this time a manor-house and settled income waited his acceptance.

Carew was neither drunken nor vicious. He was possessed by a spirit of adventure which made the tame, decorous life of an English squire intolerable to him.

Many boys between the ages of twelve and twenty show the same spirit of unrest, which, being arbitrarily curbed, leads to the failure and ruin of their lives.

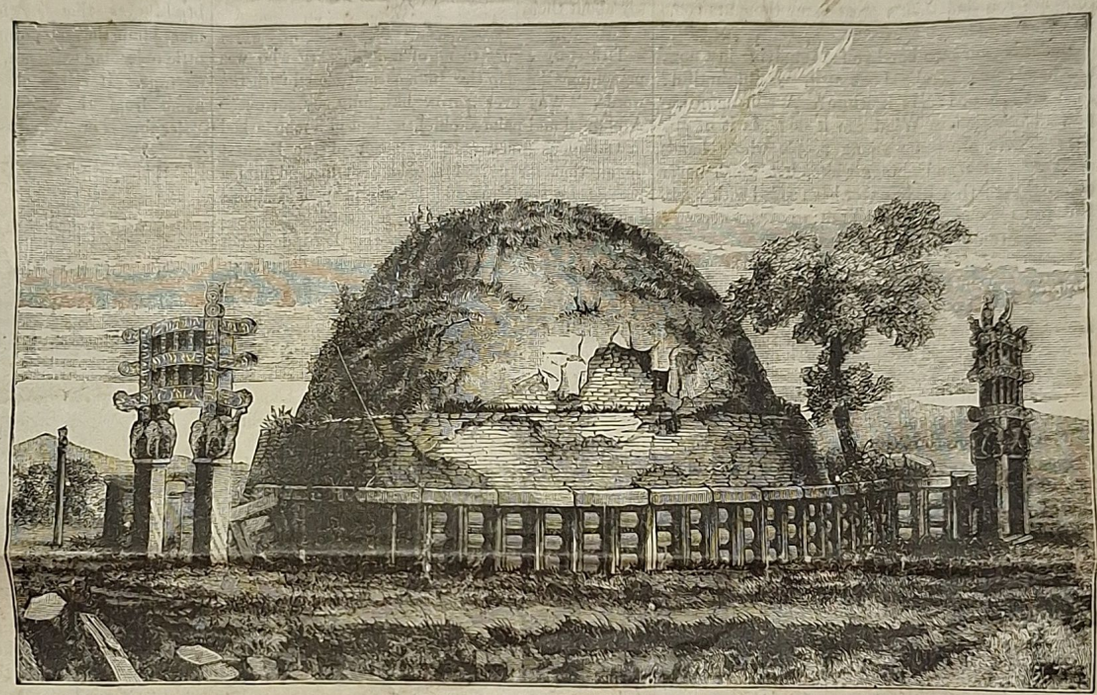
A wise engineer does not put a weight on the safety-valve of a boiler under high steam-pressure; he directs and uses the steam so that, instead of being a messenger of death, it becomes man's most helpful servant.

At the present time there are countless outlets for the energy and superfluous force of a young man which were unknown to the age in which Carew lived. A man need not now join the gypsies or take

to beggary or go among Indians and desperadoes to gratify his love of novelty and adventure. All quarters of the globe are brought near to him in his closet; while the life of a scientific man, a journalist, an artist, a rancher or an engineer is filled with incident and is provocative of new ideas. Carew's career becomes dull as well as mean beside them.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE TOPE OF SANCHI.

"TOPE" is the term used in India to designate the monuments constructed for the preservation of the sacred relics of Buddha. Among those most venerated by the thousands of pilgrims who annually visit the "holy places" are the "topes" of Sanchi and Sarnath. They are now grass-grown and crumbling, and many of the magnificent gateways are in ruins. In *False Gods* we find a description of the great Sanchi tope represented in our picture. It is spoken of as a dome-like structure of solid brick and stone, one hundred and six feet in diameter at the base, and fifty-six feet high, completely surrounded by a colonnade. The gateways are each formed of two square pillars over two feet thick and thirteen feet high. The capitals are four feet high. The carvings on these gateways are exquisite both in design and execution. Exactly in the centre of the second Sanchi tope there was a small chamber, which was opened by Major Alexander Cunningham in 1851. In it was found a relic-box about a foot square, containing four small caskets. Each casket contained a piece of burnt bone, and on each casket was written the name of the holy man whose ashes were enshrined therein. From the names thus given it is computed that the tope was built not later than 220 B. C.—*Selected.*



DUZHUPLEZE.

(Somebody says that these lines from the *Youth's Companion* are all nonsense; another body says that they mean a great deal. With which do the readers of the VISITOR agree?)

THE strangest country between the seas
Was the curious kingdom of Duzhupleze,
And the greatest wonders in all this land
Were the crooked lanes on every hand
For the walls leaned in and the gates leaned out
And the pathways doubled and wound about.
They were weird and dazzling first to last;
A wonderful charm was o'er them cast,
And men grew merry in heart and brain
Who went to walk in a crooked lane.

So they laughed and sang until they found
'Twas an evil spell their steps had bound;
Their tongues were thick when the hour grew late;
They cursed and quarreled in fiercest hate;
While the pathway seemed to writhe and spin,
And the gates leaned out, though the walls leaned in;
But one by one, ere the break of day,
Through the treacherous gates they found their way,
And weak and dizzy, and sick with pain,
They staggered home from the crooked lane.

Now, every lane has an end in view,
And so had these, as all men knew;
But no one ever intends to go
To the end of such, as all men know.
They meant to walk just a little way,
But the spell grew on them day by day;
They were drawn to a path of pain and shame,
As the moth is drawn to the torturing flame,
Though they knew there were paupers and men insane,
And prisons and graves, at the end of the lane.

The queer old king of Duzhupleze
Beheld these things, but he loved his ease;
So he said, "The danger is plain as day:
Sure, none but fools will walk that way.
I'm hampered and harassed early and late
With the rule of the realm and the cares of state.
I'm sorry to see their pain, but still
These poor blind fools must do as they will;
Their loss will be but the kingdom's gain
If they choose to walk in a crooked lane."

But the crooked lanes spread far and near;
So the old king sent for his grand vizier,
And commanded him to devise and say
How this terrible curse should be done away.
Now, the grand vizier was a moderate man,
And bound to favor the easiest plan,
And so he said, in the course of his talk,
"We can't prescribe how a man shall walk;
But if the evil has grown too great,
'Twere best to restrict and regulate,
And to fill your purse with easy gains
By a heavy tax on the crooked lanes."

'Twas done as the grand vizier had said,
But the crooked lanes still grew and spread,
And those who walked in their fatal maze
Sought other and various crooked ways,
Till, under the blight of this awful curse,
The kingdom was going from bad to worse;
And the king was stricken with doubt and fear
When his generals and his grand vizier,
By their speech and actions, made it plain
That *they* sometimes walked in a crooked lane.

Though the good old king of Duzhupleze
Was merry and kind and loved his ease,
It was more than even he could bear
When at last one day the royal heir
Came staggering home with a maudlin shout
And an idiot smile as he reeled about.
The grand vizier was called in a trice,
But the king was not in need of advice.
"I'll give you a month, at most!" he said;
"Down with these lanes or off with your head!
For I'll confiscate your worthless brains
If you fail to abolish these crooked lanes."

How the thing was done I cannot say,
But the grand vizier made no delay;
He proved to the king and all the nation
That his brains were worthy of preservation;
For in place of every crooked lane
He planted a garden or field of grain;
While men who had clamored with all their might
To do as they chose, now chose to do right;
And the happiest country between the seas
Was the glorious kingdom of Duzhupleze.

TWO ENDS.

WHEN a small boy I was carrying a not very large ladder when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly, "Look here, my son! there is one thing I wish you to remember; that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone.

Do not we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits, I think he sees only one end of the ladder—the one pointed toward pleasure—and that he does not know the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Ah yes; every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

St. Louis Christian Advocate.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

IT is well known that many usages at different courts are founded upon prejudices which the rest of the world has outgrown. Some of the superstitions and antipathies of an early age of the world must prevail among the courtiers of Morocco, if we may judge from the account given by the author of *To the Desert and Back:*

The etiquette at the court at Fez is somewhat singular, as it is never permitted to use the word "death" in the presence of the sovereign; "Mr. A—— has gone to sleep" or "Mrs. B—— has been called away."

If it is necessary to introduce a Jew or Christian, some such remark as the following is used to preface the ceremony: "I beg Your Majesty's pardon for mentioning in your august presence the name of so despicable a person, but this is the Jew (or Christian) So-and-So," as the case may be.—*Companion.*

THE worst case of absence of mind we ever read of was that described in an exchange the other day, when a man, hurrying for a train, thought he had forgotten his watch at home, and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it.—*Zion's Herald.*

LOOK AT YOUR HANDS.

HOLD up your hand and look at it. It is beautiful in its form. It is still more beautiful in its wonderful mechanism, with its bones, its joints, its muscles, its blood-veins, its nerves. When we think of what a hand can do we see still more of its wonderful beauty. All the work of the world is done by the hand. Think of the farmer's hand and all that it does, of the mechanic's hand and the things it fashions, of the artist's hand and the lovely pictures it puts on canvas, of woman's hand and all the endless tasks wrought by it. As you sit looking at your hand and thinking you find that a great many thoughts come into your mind.

But it is your own hand you are studying just now, not hands in general. Look at it. Is it beautiful? Is it well-shaped? Is it white? A still more important question is, What can it do? Is it of any use? There are some young people whose hands are very pretty and always white, but which never do anything; they have never been soiled with work. But you remember the old lines:

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through."

Idle hands, then, are not beautiful—at least they are not in God's sight, however white they may be, however many rings they wear or however daintily they are gloved. Are your hands useful? Do they do their share of the work? Are they diligent hands, whatever the duties and tasks may be?

You remember the story of the poor old woman to whom some young girls went for the decision as to which of them had the most beautiful hands. She said the hands that did the kind deeds were the fairest. It must be so in God's sight too. Look again at your hand. Is it a gentle hand? Is it accustomed to doing kind things? What kindness has it done to-day? There is an old story of a king's hand: it was always doing good to others—giving to the poor, helping the unfortunate. One day a good man seized this royal hand and blessed it, saying, "May this fair hand, this bounteous hand, never grow old!" The king was killed in battle, and his hands were cut off and fixed on poles, but this hand which had done so many good deeds remained white and fair in the bleaching sun. This is only an old legend, but it teaches us that the hands that do kindnesses—that help the poor, the sick, the troubled, the sorrowing—will be blessed in heaven.

Look again at your hands. Are they clean? Of course they are clean in one way, for no refined person will keep dirty hands. But there is another kind of cleanness. People who do sinful things have stained hands. Sin always defiles. A hand that steals must have a great blotch on it as God sees it. A hand that is clenched in anger and strikes another gets sadly blotted. All wicked things we do leave stains worse than the black of coal or pitch on our hands. Do you keep your hands clean?

Look again. Your hand is capable of doing beautiful and skillful work. Perhaps there is music sleeping in your fingers, or it may be there are pictures hidden away in them, or possibly poems, or at least many very neat and very useful pieces of ordinary taskwork. You cannot tell what beautiful things are wrapped up in your fingers. How are you going to get these things out? There is only one way: you must begin at once to train your hands. Whatever you do, do well—just as well as you can. Never do anything carelessly. No matter how small the bit of work is, always do your best. Never be satisfied with merely getting things done, but do them well.

If you think there is any music in your fingers, bring it out. Put your whole soul into your piano practice and draw out the sleeping melodies. If you think there are pictures in your fingers, do not stop till you get them out and have them glowing on canvas.

Have you given your hands to Christ? He wants them. You remember the lines of the hymn:

"Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love."

If you give your hands to Christ, he will use them to do many very beautiful things. His hands were always doing good to people. Then at last, you know, they were terribly wounded on a cross, but it was for your sake. Give your hands to Christ that he may put gentleness and skill into them, and then use them to do beautiful and noble things in this world for him. Some day your hands will be folded on your bosom and will be cold and white; then, when people come and look at them, what will they say about them?

THE story comes to us of a missionary who was preaching Christ to the Indians and closed with the words, "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?" A plumed and painted chief, a giant of a man, asked in tremulous tones, "Did the Son of the Highest do all that for us? I should wish to send him a present by you. Would he accept poor Indian's hunting-dog? No Sioux has a finer."

The missionary replied that the Lord does not want Indians' hunting-dogs. He looked disappointed, but soon recovered himself, and, holding out his splendid rifle, his treasure, said, "Would he accept poor Indian's rifle, then?" The missionary answered as before. Again he looked disappointed; then, stripping off his brilliant blanket bedecked with beads, scalps and trinkets, he said, "Will he accept poor Indian's blanket?" The missionary declined his blanket also.

The chief hung his head like one baffled. Suddenly he flung rifle and blanket by the dog, and, stretching forth both his hands and gazing intently into the blue sky, said, "Will the Lord Jesus Christ accept poor Indian himself?"

You see, he had found out what it takes some of us so long to learn: that it is our very selves—the "living sacrifice"—for which the Lord Jesus Christ is waiting.

HAVE you ever been frightened by finding that you are "getting used" to things that made you shrink or blush when you first heard them? Do you find that you can keep back a part of the truth that ought to be told a little more easily than you could last year? Has it grown to be an easy thing to excuse in yourself what you used to call *cheating* when you found that the "other fellows" did it when you first entered school? If you say "Yes" to these questions, do read this message which somebody has written to you, it is so wise and kind and true:

"Be true. Do not hesitate between the right and the wrong, and never believe that what shocked you when you first heard of it can ever be right or allowable for you when it has grown familiar. The right is the right and the wrong is the wrong, even though all the world choose to misname them or to blur the distinction between them. It is the devil's game to confound them—to keep men in that blind and willful ignorance which is the very atmosphere for sin to flourish in. Live, so far as God grants it to you, in the light of a true and honest life, and pray to him night and morning and always that you may never be overcome of evil."

PERHAPS you have been thinking for some time that you would like to make your life "amount to something." This bit of talk from *Little Folks* may serve as a hint as to how you may set about it:

"In almost every school there is an unpopular boy or girl—plain, stupid and disagreeable, as it seems—for whom nobody has a good word. If there is in your particular school such an unfortunate little outcast, whose life is all east wind and no sunshine, try and make friends with him or her. You will never regret your kindness, take my word for that. In a little time you will discover that the plain face has in it something really pleasing, if not actually beautiful; that the stupid head has plenty of sound sense and bright fancy; and that the disagreeable manners melt away before the sun-shine of a little kindly interest. Pray, make this small experiment; for yourself you will gain, I am sure, a faithful, loyal friend, and that, believe me, is no trifling gain; and as for that other, that poor little outcast, you will turn all his life to gold.

THE DORMOUSE.

THERE is one member of the mouse family which is quite as much a squirrel as a mouse. This is the dormouse—a pretty little creature dressed in a brown coat and a white vest and with wonderfully large, bright eyes—that is, when they are open, for you must know that the dormouse is one of the sleepiest little objects in existence, and is seldom awake in the daytime. It sleeps all winter too, and it gets its name from the word "dormant," which means "sleeping" or "unconscious." But I think this

little fellow in the picture looks remarkably wide awake. He is a perfect little ball of brown-and-white fur, and it is no wonder that people who keep caged pets are so fond of selecting these pretty creatures. The dormice are admirable nest-builders. As they pass the day in sleep, they must have some retired home in which they can be hidden from the many enemies which might attack a sleeping animal; hence the entrances to their nests—which are built in hedges or low trees—are so ingeniously concealed that to find them is not a very easy matter even when the very spot is known. The picture is taken from one of the Elmridge series, entitled *Little Neighbors at Elmridge* (price $1.15), published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work.

EARTHLY lives are so linked together that if one life shines the next life to it must catch the light.—*Selected.*

The Sabbath-School Visitor.

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